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THE UPPER TRAIL

Who's Who in the Universe

BY
JAMES ROBERT GETTYS

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TO

THE NOBLE YOUNG PEOPLE

OF AMERICA

WHO WOULD ACHIEVE SUCCESS

THIS BOOK

IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

HERE is a new *Who's Who*. It is unique. It names no one. It describes all. It sets forth the qualities which must be prominent, and even dominant, in the men and women who are to be in the alphabetically prepared list of the *Who's Who* of the decades just ahead. It is a guidebook to the portals of later and corrected editions of those conventional volumes now at the elbow of every modern student where all who have struck twelve on the clock of life are supposed to be enrolled.

Read it. Reread it. Buy a dozen copies and mail them to your young friends on birthdays, at graduation time, or whenever the hinges of life are swinging open before their young feet to the new, untried, and the challenging task into which youth must enter. It is not a conventional gift book, made up of three fourths gaudy binding and one fourth of what Robert Browning calls

". . . the petty, wordy subterfuge,
The rimes, and all this frothy shower of words,
These glozing self-deceits, but outward crust
Of lies which wrap and fetter and betray."

None of these! The writer hits squarely home on live questions which our youth need to envisage,

"With unlidded eye, awake, aware."

HOMER C. STUNTZ.

FOREWORD

THIS volume is sent out with the sincere hope that it will furnish information and inspiration absolutely necessary to young life in this new day. It is intended for such souls as are willing to think and grow big. May it be very welcome and valuable as a gift book! It is, of course, wholly unlike any other *Who's Who,* and yet we trust its contents fully justify the title. It is the author's wish that this will prove a timely contribution to the thought of the age on the most important subject thinking men are called upon to consider in this turbulent world. The matters here discussed are vital to the life and safety of society and civilization. If the utterances seem to some readers too radical on certain points, it may be that time will prove them otherwise. If they be too much at variance with popular opinion and custom, perhaps, then, opinion and custom should be revised. At any rate, the author bespeaks for the book a friendly reception, and an honest and thoughtful consideration of the matters herein set forth.

J. R. G.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul!
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

CHAPTER I

THE FIRST RICH MAN

Muscle was man's first capital. That was the measurement of his wealth. The strong man was the king. He was the ruler, and the millionaire of his day. With his physical forces the primitive man went out to conquer and accumulate. By sheer wealth of physical power did he overcome. He was the great hero in that early world. His brawn made him the rich man of his time. Men were rich or poor, important or unimportant, small or great, according to their physical size and strength.

The size of a man, as well as his wealth, depends upon what you measure him with. A man measured by the town in which he lives, may be quite large. Measured by the State, he may be very small. Measured by the nation, he may be a mere speck. But measured by the world or the Universe, he may not be visible at all. If you estimate men by their muscle, they may be of huge size. If

you measure them by their money, they may be veritable giants. But if you measure them by the mind, they may be mere pigmies. Different ages have different standards of measurement and value.

In that far-off day when muscle was the standard of power and wealth each man was sufficient unto himself. So in the evolution of society each family, clan, tribe, and nation, was sufficient unto itself; that is, each lived within its own circle, and on its own resources, independent of any other family or group. Each did its own hunting, planting, reaping, manufacturing, and was not dependent upon others for any part of its subsistence. The stick and the stone were the tools of that age. They were also the principal weapons. That was the age of independence. Muscle was the wealth.

That man only is independent who is wise enough to recognize and big enough to acknowledge his dependence.

CHAPTER II

DEPENDENT MAN

While we still boast our independence, as a matter of fact we are most dependent to-day. That is because we have grown, we have developed, and are larger now. We have grown out of the small, isolated, primitive family, into the large and complex world-family. We have left the local neighborhood-man, and have become the expanded world-man. All talk about "independence" and "personal liberty" belongs only to that far-away age to which none would be proud to return.

To-day each individual, each family group, and each nation in the civilized world is largely dependent upon other individuals and groups for comforts and necessities. As civilization advances and society becomes more highly organized men lose their independence. Dependence marks the arrival of organized society, of law and order, and a higher plane of living. If any family or

nation were cut off from all other families and nations to-day and thrown entirely on its own resources, it could not long subsist, so dependent have we become one upon others.

As a concrete example, what did you pay for your dinner or your lunch on that last trip away from home? One dollar? Did you think the price rather high? But was it, in reality? That depends on how you figure it. Let us go into the matter and see if we can determine approximately the actual cost of that meal. To begin with, the bread was made from flour that came from wheat grown in the Dakotas, or Minnesota, or Kansas, or Nebraska. Someone owned the land that produced the wheat, and that required the investment of capital. The wages paid to workmen meant more capital. The farm machinery called for factories, and still great investments. The flour required a mill, and thus more machinery, men, and money. Someone had to make the sacks, and that meant the planting, growing, gathering, spinning, and weaving of cotton, all of which requires still more machinery and the employment of other thousands of

workmen. The flour had to be shipped over the railroad, which cost something to build, and handled by merchants, and draymen, and bakers before it finally came to the place of consumption. Then the tea for that meal came from China, or the coffee from South America. See what another long line of workmen and investment of capital that involves in steamships and railroads. The simple matter of fruit might require millions of money in an irrigation system, besides vast sums in orchards and labor. The small item of salt and pepper to make that food palatable represents investments of large fortunes, and the employment of great armies of people.

I have only started to recite the many items of expense entering into the cost of that meal which was bought for the trifling sum of one dollar. I have not mentioned the sugar, nor the meat, nor the milk, nor the butter, nor the vegetables, nor the other things necessary to make up the meal. The fact is, to place that dinner before the consumer, it cost, directly and indirectly, the enormous sum of more than five hundred millions of capital, and the employment of

more than five millions of people. This may give some slight idea of our dependence. Nor can any man truly assert his independence, though he take a few instruments of the chase and hie himself away to the mountains or virgin forests, and live on wild game and fruit, completely isolated from mankind, for generations of civilization are represented even in the crude hunting knife at his side.

The matter of our dependence may be seen in a little different way by a glance at the situation in the industrial world. England eats her entire wheat crop in about three months. Therefore she must depend upon the balance of the world for the greater portion of her bread. The United States furnishes more than thirty per cent of the world's food supply, while having only six per cent of the world's population. Thus we are dependent upon the balance of the world to furnish a market for our products, while millions are dependent upon us for enough to eat. The American farmer owes his prosperity to the foreign buyer, and the prosperity of all rests largely upon the prosperity of the farmer.

Let us also note how the legislative act of one country will affect others. The German Empire placed a bounty on the production of beet sugar. That so stimulated the industry and increased the output that within a few years the British market was flooded with beet sugar, and the price of cane sugar fell off one half. This produced an industrial panic in Cuba, for she was dependent for her prosperity on the production of cane sugar. Then came the rebellion against Spain, the outrages and butcheries by that government, and in turn the blowing up of the Maine, and the Spanish-American war. This resulted in the liberation of Cuba, and the bringing of Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands under the protection of the American flag. So by a simple legislative act of one nation supposed to concern only itself, the map of the world was changed and the heritage of freedom was brought to peoples long in darkness and bondage.

The operations in the financial world also furnish good examples of the same idea. So thoroughly do the nerves of finance run through the entire body of the civilized world that if you touch that nerve in any one place,

the shock will be felt in all places. Touched in the Argentine, or even the smallest South American republic, it will be noticed in Germany, England, Italy, France, Bulgaria, Greece, and in the remotest hamlet of this great world-family. If silver is disturbed in India the mines in this country are at once affected. When the recent war broke out and our supply of chemicals from Germany was shut off, the price of chemicals in this country went skyward. When the price of copper was affected by that same calamity the mines in Butte were closed. Right now, in this year of 1922, because the money pinch is felt in one place it is felt in every center around the world.

Now, take the same thing from the viewpoint of health and sanitation. It really makes a vast difference to folks how their neighbors live. On the health of one may depend the welfare of all. A bad spot anywhere in this world-family may bring disease and death to all. The back yards and alleys of our neighbors, therefore, must be kept clean, or our lives will be in jeopardy, no matter how sanitary the condition of our

own premises. How folks live across the alley, the street, the river, the lake, or even across the sea, matters mightily, because all are very close together in spite of the miles that lie between. What concern of ours how they live in Cuba, China, or India? Very much, for they are our next-door neighbors.

Modern means of communication, transportation, and travel have drawn remote peoples and nations into such close relation as to make of them one big neighborhood and one large family. Therefore we do not want Cuba to have yellow fever, India to have cholera, China to have bubonic plague any more than we want our neighbors across the street to be thus infected. Every part of the world must be kept clean, or all parts will be endangered, for we live in each other's dooryards even though the ocean lies between us. No life is safe while any life is diseased. No nation is safe while any nation is sick.

The world is now so small we talk around it in about ten minutes, and we travel the entire distance in just a few days. We may sit in our homes to-day in Lincoln and Denver and listen to sermons and addresses as

they are being delivered in New York and Boston. The day is not far distant when in all parts of the United States we will be able to hear the ringing of the bells, as well as the swelling music in the great cathedrals of London and elsewhere in Europe. The news of Washington's death was not known in Boston until two weeks after he was buried. The cities of Philadelphia and Boston were farther apart in those days than Hongkong and New York are to-day. The news of the election of President Harding was known in Yokohama and Manila the day before it occurred! Just the other day Washington was talking to Rome, and Honolulu "listened in" and picked up the message. We are fast becoming a world of eavesdroppers.

Thus we have gradually grown from the small, isolated, independent family, with only simple and local problems, into the large but dependent world-family with problems many and complex. Such is the world we face to-day. Who will come to these high tasks with right vision and adequate power? Who will be able to master the forces in this new world order?

"A man's a man," says Robert Burns,
"For a' that and a' that";
But though the song be clear and strong
It lacks a note for a' that.
The lout who'd shirk his daily work,
Yet claims his wage and a' that,
Or beg when he might earn his bread,
Is *not* a man for a' that.

But 'tis not so; yon brawny fool,
Who swaggers, swears, and a' that,
And thinks because his strong right arm
Might fell an ox, and a' that,
That he's as noble, man for man,
As duke or lord, and a' that,
Is but an animal at best,
But not a man for a' that.

It comes to this, dear Robert Burns,
The truth is old, and a' that,
The rank *is* but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.
And though you'd put the self-same mark
On copper, brass, and a' that,
The lie is gross, and cheat is plain,
And will not pass for a' that.

—*Charles Mackey.*

CHAPTER III

MUSCLE POWER

With what capital shall we front this new world, and what shall be the measure of our strength? In what terms shall we express our wealth? What shall constitute riches? Shall it be muscle, the capital of a primitive race? That did very well for the cave man, but it will not be adequate now. The forces that are to be met and mastered are entirely too powerful, and they belong to a realm that man's physical strength cannot reach. They are not capable of solution by any application of brute force. The problems are too many and too intricate.

Of course we believe in the highest type of physical development. That is important. It should be encouraged. Let there be no misunderstanding at this point. Nevertheless, if we live, move, and have our being in the physical, with muscle as our chief capital, we will still be on a par with those in the savage state and wholly out of the race

concerning everything fundamental in our modern world. The Apollos of yesterday cannot be the heroes and gods of to-day.

The muscle millionaire belongs to the poverty class when valued by the new-world standards. He will be a mere pauper. The body is an essential factor in life's activities and should be kept in fine form. It ought to be considered a divine instrument. But a big, strong body with a puny mind and a shriveled soul is a modern monstrosity. It does not belong to this age. It is a hang-over from the past. Such a being belongs to the class that has failed to respond to the vital forces of evolution, and is as one born out of due time. It is not a man, but an infant. Its value can be adequately expressed only by the use of fractions.

The American Indian furnishes us a very good example of this class. He was here long before the white man came. He possessed this country, but did not own it. He did not know how to make it actually his. He was ignorant of its wealth of valley and hill, or prairie and mountain, of meadow and mine, and hence they lay long years un-

touched. He did not know their value, nor did he care. Therefore they did not enrich him. He undertook only such tasks as could be accomplished with his muscle, and had no higher thought than to satisfy his appetite. If he had put both hand and brain to the work of developing the wealth that was about him, by that very process he would have developed himself. But he did neither. He lived then, as he still lives—in the flesh. Alas, that he should have so much company among his pale-faced brothers!

A traveler in South America tells of visiting a poverty-stricken village among the Indians in Brazil. He said they were plowing with crooked sticks, bringing their corn from the coast two hundred miles away, and grinding it between two rude stones. The valley where they lived was rich in soil, and just at hand was water-power capable of developing ten thousand to fifteen thousand horse-power. They could easily have had irrigation sufficient to raise abundant supplies, and power to develop almost every modern industry. When the traveler asked one of the men of the village why they did not develop something, he received this re-

ply, "Why, if we started anything like that, by the time we got it done, we would all be dead."[1] Just so.

Doubtless every college student, if not every schoolboy, can tell us the record time for a one-hundred-yard dash. He can also name the world's champion wrestlers; the prize pitchers and home-run hitters in baseball. Whatever may be said in favor of clean athletics, it is a safe contention that if the chief capital of those men is their muscle, then they are very poor indeed. Their muscle will soon shrivel, and all their wealth and power will vanish. Some younger and stronger men will displace them, and, forgotten, they will pass into oblivion. The world will not long remember, and little will it care what the mere athlete does, because the loads he lifts do not lighten the burdens of others, the giants he throws are not those that attack the weak and helpless, the races he runs are not to bring swift aid to the relief of the suffering, and the strength he exerts is not in behalf of right

[1] From *Fundamentals of Prosperity*, by Roger W. Babson, Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

against wrong. The world will never again come to the worship of brawn. That belongs to a past age which will not return. That king is dead. The day of his reign is over and his kingdom is handed to another.

I make no tirade against the moneyed class, as such. Wealth is no certain badge of wickedness. Poverty is no sure sign of piety. A man may be very rich and very good. One may be extremely poor and utterly bad. But money itself makes no man rich. He can be rich without it. He can be poor with it. It all depends upon ownership.

CHAPTER IV

MONEY POWER

From the world where muscle was capital we emerged into the world where money became the standard of wealth and power. Mention riches to-day and at once we think of dollars. Only those with large sums of money are supposed to be wealthy. It is our chief measurement of success and power.

Now, I make no tirade against money or the moneyed class, as such. Wealth is no certain badge of wickedness. Poverty is no sure sign of piety. A man may be very rich and very good. One may be extremely poor and utterly bad. But money itself makes no man rich. He can be rich without it. He can be poor with it. It all depends upon ownership. Does the man own the money, or does the money own the man? Does he control it, or does it control him? You see, if the money owns the man, no matter how much or how little there is of it, then has he abdicated the throne of high manhood, and is small, weak, and servile. Hence he is poor.

But if the man owns the money and properly orders it, be the amount small or great, he is the master, the ruler, and by so much he is big and rich. It is not quantity. It is ownership.

While on a ferryboat going from New York to Jersey City a man of large money interests fell overboard. A poor Irishman at once leaped into the water to save the life of the unfortunate one. By his efforts the man was saved, and both were finally brought back on board in safety. The rescued, thus snatched from a watery grave, stood dripping and gasping while he searched his pockets for some suitable reward to give his rescuer for such a heroic deed. He brought forth a dime and handed it to Patrick with profuse and appropriate expressions of gratitude. The Irishman took the dime, looked it over curiously, then gazed at the man he had risked his own life to save, carefully sized him up, took another look at the dime, and then exclaimed, "Begorry, I feel loike I was overpaid." Without doubt that fine Irishman, with his wit and sunshine and his big, unselfish soul, was

the rich man compared with the other with his money and his meanness. He possessed money, but the money owned him. In that case the rich man was the slave. He was poor, poor chap.

"Do you know, sir," said a devotee of Mammon, to John Bright one day, "that I am worth a million, sterling?" "Yes," said Mr. Bright, "and, furthermore, I know that is all you are worth."

The shocking abuses and misuses of money are really a menace to our civilization. The craze to get possession of it seems to be an obsession, and together with its shameless use is fast bringing the money-rich into disrepute. The idea that people who have money can be anything or do anything they choose and still have a high standing in society will not always prevail. It is too obnoxious and repellent. There must and will be developed in the world a new conscience on this subject. We will awaken some day to find that the verdict of society will be that the possession of money is not a sufficient passport for a place of good standing in its circles.

I have recently heard that a man in Omaha has just completed, at a cost of thirty-five thousand dollars, a mausoleum for his pet dog. It is reported that at a banquet in an Eastern city not long ago cigarettes with one hundred dollar bills as wrappers, were provided for the guests and actually smoked amidst great hilarity and jesting. Think also of that woman in Newport who gave in her home for a few selected friends, a single entertainment, at an expenditure of fifty thousand dollars. It is said that a Chicago woman with no children, has a pet poodle on which she has spent twenty thousand dollars for jewelry and toggery of various kinds, and for which she keeps a special maid.

You have heard of the man who wanted to "live in the house by the side of the road." That wholesome sentiment is beautifully expressed in the following lines:

"Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.

I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban;
Let me live in the house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man."

I saw a "house by the side of the road" one day out near Los Angeles, and was greatly impressed. It was palatial. The grounds were ample and gorgeously arrayed. The dog kennels were spacious and more expensive than the residence of the average well-to-do family. In that "house by the side of the road," along that beautiful boulevard drive, lives a woman who inherited a large fortune from her father. Around that house is a high fence, and just above the fence runs a live electric wire, while on the gate is the following inviting sign: "Vicious Dog. Beware!" That woman lives "in the house by the side of the road, where the race of men go by." And they keep right on going.

But it would be too nauseating to recite all the cases where the lives and actions of the money-rich shock the senses of justice and decency. It would be too revolting to chronicle the many obnoxious scenes in so-

called high society among the poor rich. The revelries the debaucheries, the crimes, the scandals, the shameless immorality and divorce proceedings, the travesties on marriage and virtue, the seeming abandonment of every moral standard, the public exposure of the disgraceful and corrupt lives, and the utter degradation among the money-rich, is sickening in the extreme. And yet the world still calls such folks wealthy. If money has not debased them, they have most shamefully debased it.

This brings us to another very important point. The question we now ask is, Has a man any right to more money than he needs? That is, Has he the right to more money than he puts to a legitimate use? The red man lost this country because he did not use it. He did not develop it. All its vast possibilities were going to waste. It would have enriched him had he given it the right touch. The fact that the white man redeemed this country from waste, and gave it to humanity to develop, use, and enjoy, is the only justification for his act.

Let us ask if a man is entitled to more

physical strength than he uses. The fact is, of course, he cannot keep it unless he does use it. Nature attends to that. He cannot hoard it, and let it lie idle. True, it can be put to a wrong use, the same as money. But what is the public verdict on the man of physical power who refuses to spend some of that strength to help those in need of such assistance?

Jean Valjean was rich in both muscle and mind, but not in money. When he came upon the man whose loaded cart refused to budge from the rut into which it had sunken, he placed his giant form beneath that vehicle, loosed the full force of those powerful muscles, and lifted it to solid ground. The man was made happy. Jean Valjean went his way richer and stronger. Failure to help the man in need would have weakened and lowered Valjean. Shall we conclude that a man is not worthy of nor entitled to that which he does not use? The law of nature says he is not, and proceeds to take it from him.

Has the physician any right to more knowledge than he uses? What standing

would he have before the public should he discover the remedy for some deadly disease and then refuse to use that knowledge himself or to give it to the profession for the benefit of humanity? Is he not under the highest obligation to use and give out all he knows? His skill, his wisdom, the secrets he discovers, have value only as they are released to do their work. And his worth must be estimated not by the money he takes from society, but by the service he renders society. Each generation inherits the wealth of knowledge accumulated by all the generations that have gone before. In that way the world has progress.

Society has been enriched and life made more secure through the discoveries made by Louis Pasteur, Robert Koch, Paul Ehrlich, James Carroll, and many others. By the patient researches of these men secrets have been uncovered and freely given for the public good, which have made life fairly safe from the ravages of germ disease. Having knowledge of their cause, prevention, and cure, doctors to-day are able to cope quite successfully with those dreadful maladies that formerly baffled their skill—hydropho-

bia, tuberculosis, yellow fever, typhoid fever, etc.

Surgeons also are especially generous in releasing knowledge of new discoveries and methods. Many will recall the case of Dr. Lorenz, who came from Europe a few years ago to perform an operation on the daughter of a Chicago citizen. The operation was one that had never before been performed in this country. The hip joint of the little girl had been out of the socket from birth. Dr. Lorenz, by manipulation and without the use of the knife, put the joint in place and the operation was successful. Desiring to extend his knowledge and skill for the benefit of humanity, he called in other surgeons to witness this "bloodless operation," and to learn the secret.

What then, shall be said of the man who is rich in money if he only hoards that wealth and refuses to release it for the world's benefit? Money is like the water above the dam. It has power only when released. Hoarded, it is worthless. Flowing, it sets in motion the wheels of the world's activities.

Are men with money-wealth under any

special obligation to society? Does the same principle apply to them as applies to men rich in muscular power, or medical knowledge, or surgical skill, or literary ability, or musical talent, or inventive genius, or any other form of wealth wherewith men have enriched and blessed humanity? Is it too much to believe that the time must soon come when men who simply pile up money, and thus withhold the benefits of their talent, will have no respectable standing in society? I cannot understand that there is anything bad about money *per se*. Nor can I believe that it is wrong to be rich. The wrong comes in the use or abuse of what we possess.

We had considerable sentimental talk awhile ago about "tainted money." Well, there are just three things that can taint money. Here they are: to acquire it wrongfully, to withhold it wrongfully, and to use it wrongfully. And then, the "taint" applies to the individual and not to the money.

Why would it not be a fine thing to form the habit of investing money in folks? In that field of speculation there is a prospect

of magnificent returns. Men invest in stocks and bonds, in farms and buildings, in mines and oil wells, in irrigation and reclamation projects, and almost everything else beneath the sky. Why not invest in human lives? Someone has recently said, "The greatest undeveloped resource in America to-day is the human soul." If that be so, here is a great field of opportunity for men of money to make a safe and profitable investment.

Mr. Carnegie did a splendid piece of work for education with the money he gave for libraries and endowments. Mr. Rockefeller is doing a big service by investing millions in colleges and in medical research. Dr. Pearsons of Chicago has been a blessing to many young lives by the distribution of his money to the smaller colleges of the country. Numerous names might be mentioned of men no less worthy who have added largely to the sum of human happiness by their gifts to the public good.

Some years ago there came to me a man who had formerly held a high place in society, but who was down and out through

liquor, and requested a small loan. I looked him straight in the eye and firmly refused his request. After a little conversation I took from my pocket a piece of money and placed it in his hand. He cried out in surprise, "I thought you refused to loan me anything!" I admitted that he had understood correctly. Then said he: "What do you mean? Are you giving me this?" I assured him that I was not. Then taking him by the hand, I said to him: "This is not a loan. It is not a gift. It is just my investment in you." At that he exclaimed with great emphasis and emotion: "And I guarantee that you will not lose on the investment. I will make good." I think this is one field where it is perfectly legitimate to take chances. This sort of speculation is exhilarating and edifying. It is worth while even if one loses.

A few years ago a friend of mine discovered a young man of fine talent who possessed an unusual voice. The young man was poor, occupied a very menial position at a small wage, and his future did not seem to hold much promise. There was fine soil going to waste, a rich mine undeveloped. My friend had some money, a fine sense of what

money is for, and a keen eye for profitable investments. So he financed the education and training of that youth. From the investment is coming a worthy life, and a voice that will thrill and help thousands of others and be a credit to the man whose wisdom and heart prompted the noble deed.

One day a homeless waif drifted into one of the well-known cities of our country. The first night there he slept under the sidewalk. In some way one of the citizens of that city came in contact with the boy. He took the lad into his own home, gave him a name and helped him to an education and a place in society. That young orphan grew to honored manhood, and afterward became governor of the State. A little money and a big soul constitute a powerful combination of capital.

Was the mother of Abraham Lincoln a failure? Was she rich? Did she leave the world a fortune? Nations can become impoverished, and perish with abundance of wealth in material possessions, but they will never die while their big men last. That country is already doomed which becomes rich in money but poor in men.

CHAPTER V

MONEY AND SUCCESS

Is money the measure of success? What is the prevailing idea regarding this matter? Men of wealth have long been pointed out to us as outstanding examples of success. Those men may or may not be successful. They may be most tragic failures. Surely no man can rightfully be called a success whose principal achievement is money making. Think of the men who have succeeded in making a fortune but who have failed in building a life. Think also of those men who have attracted attention by the millions which they accumulated, but who have failed in their families and thus left a line of worthless progeny to curse the world.

Measured by the money a man gathers he may be counted successful. Measured by his own character, or by the children he gives to the world, he must be set down a stupendous failure. There are some sons of millionaires in America to-day who are squandering their unearned riches in shameless living, and who are placing a stigma upon the family name

that will never be removed. A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches. A good son is a better fortune than much money. Money cannot be considered the deciding factor in measuring men and determining success.

Lyman Beecher, a humble preacher, left no money as a monument to his genius, but as the father of a noble line of sons and daughters, he did bequeath to society in those splendid lives a wealth which is beyond the possibility of men to compute. David Dudley Field, another minister, gave to us no money to commemorate his achievements, but none can adequately calculate the vast fortunes he contributed in those giant sons whose impress upon civilization will be as enduring as time. No one can well think of law, of religion, or the Atlantic cable without thinking of those great men. The history of this country's fortunes and the world's progress cannot be written without including the names of the Beechers and the Fields. The public has already placed them in its Temple of Fame. But they gathered no fortunes in money. They thought in larger terms and moved in a higher world.

Their wealth was much more precious and lasting than gold.

A little woman whose life went out in a rude log cabin in a lonely spot in Indiana, amidst poverty and squalor, with but a rough box for a casket, and with no resplendent ceremonies, is never referred to or held up before young men and women as an example of a successful life. Yet that poor, obscure mother gave to this country and to the world a gift more precious and of higher value than all the gathered millions of all the millionaires. She bequeathed us the wealth of that great-hearted son and saviour of America—Abraham Lincoln. He was the tallest pine in the forest, and as the poet expresses it, when he fell, "left a lonesome place against the sky."

Was the mother of Abraham Lincoln a failure? Was she rich? Did she leave the world a fortune? Was ever a richer heritage given to any people? Nations can become impoverished, and perish with abundance of wealth in material possessions, but they will never die while their big men last. Who will furnish these men? That country is al-

ready doomed which becomes rich in money, but poor in men.

But no one should become gloomy or pessimistic. We have men in abundance who are above the tantalizing power of money. There is often repeated the cynical remark that "every man has his price." That is a black libel and should be considered merely as a confession from the man who makes it. For, after all, the world at its best does not measure men in terms of money.

What does history hold on this point? What is the lasting verdict of the centuries? Give us the name of some rich man in the age when Homer wrote his name among the immortals with his matchless epics, or when Demosthenes, with burning eloquence, stirred the hearts of his countrymen and fastened his name forever among the galaxy of great men? Name the kings of finance in the days when wisdom fell like pearls from the lips of Plato and Socrates and gave those men immortal fame. Who was the rich man when Raphael painted, and when Phidias carved; when Handel wrote his divine oratorios, and Beethoven his

heavenly symphonies? Who was the moneyed man in the days of Milton and of Shakespeare, of Dante and Goethe, Savonarola and Luther, or Wesley and Beecher; who in the time of Columbus, or Cromwell, or Washington, or Lincoln? Who? The answer is an everlasting silence. Among the millions of earth no name looms high to attract attention or elicit applause and admiration. But all these other worthies are known and their praises sung wherever civilized man is found. Their names are emblazoned on the skies where all can see, and they are held in everlasting remembrance because they contributed the product of their talents and genius to the freedom and comfort, the progress and enrichment of all mankind. When the world puts its estimate upon the worth of a man, that judgment stands.

The question has often been raised whether one can honestly earn a million dollars in a life time. William Jennings Bryan, in one of his lectures, asks that question and then answers it in the affirmative. He says it can be done. He declares it has been done.

As examples of those who have actually accomplished it he cites the names of Washington and Jefferson and Lincoln. He says they really and legitimately *earned* a million dollars. He then adds: "But they were so busy earning it, that they did not have time to collect it. And some people have been so busy collecting it, that they have never had time to earn it."

So, after all, it is not the possession of money that makes men rich. Gold itself is not wealth. There must be something more. There is a legend which gives fine emphasis to this point: A man who had been searching for almost a lifetime finally found a very large lump of gold. He was elated. It was the precious treasure for which he had been so long hunting. At last his efforts were rewarded and he was rich. But wait! He discovered that it was too heavy for him to carry away. He was a hundred miles from the nearest inhabitant. What should he do? He did not dare leave such wealth to seek for assistance, lest another come and find it in his absence. He feared to go for help without it, and he could not take it with him. He sat down by it and kept vigil until he was

too weak to make his way back to any settlement. He died beside his gold. Did it enrich him?

Mr. Rockefeller is a well-known millionaire. I myself am a millionaire. It is said that a few years ago he offered a million dollars for a new stomach. It seems the one he had was not in good repair and did not function well. He lives on skimmed milk and bread crusts. Think of it! In a land of juicy beefsteaks, and luscious strawberries, and Jersey cream; of hot brown biscuits, and yellow butter, and clover honey! So far as known, no one has yet come forward to accept the offer of this rich man. In other words, no specialist has been found capable of doing what Mr. Rockefeller desires. All efforts have failed. That gentleman was very successful in oil manipulation, but he did not do so well in the matter of stomachs. Now, the fact is, I have the very article for which he has offered a million dollars. But I will not exchange. I would not give him what I have in the way of health for all his millions. I consider what I have is worth more than what he has. Therefore,

why am I not a millionaire? Isn't that an easy way to come into great wealth without costing anyone else a cent?

A wealthy gentleman and large landowner in a rich section of Nebraska was solicited for a contribution of money to strengthen the work carried on by the church in building and maintaining the moral foundation and atmosphere so essential to the safety and stability of all society and government. He refused to give on the ground that he was not able. Yet just the previous week he had purchased an additional farm, paying two hundred dollars an acre for it. He was informed that he could buy land for fifty cents an acre, where the soil was just as rich or richer, where the climate was as good or better, where the rainfall was ample and dependable, and all the natural conditions ideal for farming.

He made careful inquiry about the people, the laws, the schools, the churches, and the kind of society. There were people in plenty, he was informed, but as for laws and schools and churches there were none. Orderly society was unknown. One's life

would be just as safe as his money. Neither would last long.

Did the gentleman want that land? He did not. Was it the quarter section of land then, that he was paying thirty-two thousand dollars for, when he could get a quarter just as good for eighty dollars? It was not. What was it? It was folks. He was paying eighty dollars for land and thirty-one thousand nine hundred and twenty dollars for society. And society is what he wanted. That is what gives value to property. Soil and climate are not worth very much after all. Land alone is of small value.

Give a man with his millions a mansion in a far-off desert, or on an uninhabited island, or with some savage tribe, or in the heart of darkest Africa, and the poorest inhabitant of the humblest hut, with only a crust of bread, but surrounded by civilization, will be a rich man in comparison. Money makes no man rich. Said Emerson: "I ought not to allow any man, because he has broad acres, to feel that he is rich in my presence; . . . and though I be utterly penniless and receiving bread from his hand, that he is the poor man beside me."

My crown is in my heart, not on my head,
Nor decked with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: My crown is called Content,
A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy.

—*Shakespeare.*

CHAPTER VI

MIND POWER

Muscle is primitive. Money may be sordid. Both are legitimate and necessary, but their best values are realized only when they are controlled and directed by the mastering mind. If muscle was the capital of yesterday, and money the wealth of to-day, it is certain that mind must be the capital in the bigger and greater life of to-morrow.

In the world of muscle it took a thousand acres of land to support one Indian. But with mind applied to soil and tools, one acre will support a hundred people.

A Nebraska high-school boy in a corn-growing contest, made a single acre of ground yield to him one hundred and nineteen bushels of corn, whereas the average yield per acre is less than thirty bushels. It pays to farm with the mind.

A Michigan lad, just in his teens, entered a potato-growing contest a few years ago and came out with four hundred twenty bushels and forty-four pounds to the acre

as his reward. He also was a high-school student.

It took a hundred thousand men twenty years to build the great pyramid in Egypt. But in our time a handful of men could do that task in a few days with a small bit of coal expended in steam or electric power, which, after all, is nothing more than mind-power.

During the recent war, at one of the arsenals in this country, a building of solid reenforced concrete, four hundred feet wide by eight hundred feet in length and four stories high, was built and equipped with machinery in less than six months.

Muscle tunnels mountains and bridges chasms, money pays the bills, but mind invented the machinery and conceived the idea. Muscle, in the primitive day, came to the river and waded or swam across. Under the rule of mind we come to the river, hang Brooklyn Bridge across it, and pass over dry shod. Not satisfied with that, mind pushes a tunnel under the river and the traffic and population of two cities pass through.

Mind threw the cable across the Atlantic and brought two continents within speaking distance. It gave wings to men and enabled them to compete with the eagle for supremacy of the air. Mind has pushed mountains and seas out of the way, reduced distances, and made possible the conquest of the earth.

The money of Mr. Carnegie builds libraries, but those buildings have value only as they are illumined by the treasures of the mind. The money of Mr. Rockefeller builds and endows colleges, but the value of those institutions consists in the minds that they develop.

The money of the millionaire builds railway systems to improve the country and benefit mankind, but the possibility of such achievements was born in the mind of the Watts and the Stephensons. Money constructs the great telephone systems that give distance to the human voice, and bring scattered millions together in one community, but all such accomplishment is only the treasure yielded up from the minds of the Bells and the Edisons.

The painter takes a small piece of canvas worth only a few cents, but after he has

transferred to that piece of cloth the golden wealth of his mind, behold that wonderful painting, "The Angelus," which sells for one hundred thousand dollars.

Mind makes small things great, poor men rich, and the lowly, noble and exalted.

No one can hope to battle successfully with the world's forces without mind-capital. None can expect to take a high place among those who factor in the progress of humanity who has not some mental wealth. The mind is the man. Therefore give the man a chance. A few mental gymnastics would not be harmful to young men and women. There is where their gold mines will be discovered. If they will work their minds, wealth will flow from them like sunbeams through the sky. Opportunity beckons. Riches await.

We are accustomed to speak of obstacles that lie in the path of success. Can we not with more propriety speak of the obstacles to failure? Is it not passing strange that anyone with red blood would fail to-day? There are so many things that are in the way that forbid it. There is the schoolhouse on

every hillside, the church in every valley, the library in every village, town, and city—all blocking the way to failure. What would not Abraham Lincoln have given for one of our modern libraries! And yet, young men to-day will whine about having no opportunities. There is surely need of more intellectual respectability.

Never has there been such a day of opportunity as this. The great trouble with too many young people is that they are not willing to exert themselves. They have no desire to dig. They do not care to make any rugged effort that will develop brain-power. Their minds are flabby. They are expecting something easy. They have not the spirit of conquest and achievement. They are unfamiliar with the experience of mental perspiration. Too many are busy spending the money somebody else earned. Their fathers walked or rode in oxcarts. They want to travel in high-priced autos, or high-flying airships. They are mad for amusement.

A young college student was accustomed to spend his summer vacations working in a Northern lumber camp. While his camp

companions were wasting their evenings and odd hours in the barrooms and at the card tables he put in his time digging into the books he had brought with him as whetstones for the mind. He was long ago sent to the United States Senate, and is well known on two continents. The other men who worked with him and who stunted their brains by starvation are not known a half-dozen miles from the place in which they reside.

It is said that Patrick Henry used a box of sand for a slate and learned to write by tracing the letters with a sharpened stick. Daniel Webster had a goose quill for a pen, and used ink that he made of soot scraped from the fireplace.

In our day there are more obstacles to failure than to success. The man who will, can. No one need fail who is willing to sweat.

Men creep and crawl when they ought to rise and run, or mount up on wings as eagles. In the world of ideas some are veritable paupers. They have developed at the root but not at the top. Their life is all on the

lower levels. In the realm of thought is where bigness and wealth must be found. The thinker is the supreme capitalist. The big mind will always conquer the big muscle.

The world will be made "safe and sane," not by battleships and armaments, but by right thinking. Loose and crooked thinking are the things that work our downfall. Right ideas, born from clear and clean minds, are the factors that operate for real riches and complete mastery. This, then, leads us to the next step in the discussion.

If I have strength, I owe the service of the strong;
If melody I have, I owe the world a song;
If I can stand when all around my post are falling;
If I can run with speed when needy hearts are calling;
And, if my torch can light the dark of any night,
Then, I must pay the debt I owe with living light.

If heaven's grace has dowered me with some rare gift;
If I can lift some load no other's strength can lift;
If I can heal some wound no other's hand can heal,
If some great truth the speaking skies to me reveal,
Then, I must go a broken and a wounded thing,
If to a wounded world my gifts no healing bring.

For any gift God gives to me I cannot pay;
Gifts are most mine when I most give them all away;
God's gifts are like his flowers which show their right to stay,
By giving all their bloom and fragrances away;
Riches are not gold, or land, estates or marts.
The only wealth that is, is found in human hearts.

—*Charles Coke Woods.*

CHAPTER VII

THE HIGHER MIND

WHAT do we mean by mind? Mere intellect? More than that: we must climb to higher heights. The rocks and the mountains contain vast quantities of precious metals, but the mind of man must learn how to extract that wealth before it can enrich him. So, man is never really rich until he learns to extract the higher values, the spiritual realities from God's world, and coin them into the currency of life. Let him take the diamonds from the dewdrops, and gather the beauty from the blooming flowers, the singing birds, the silvery clouds, the shining stars, and give them place and permanency in himself. When one can reach high altitudes and transform the golden glory of a summer sunset, the riches of earth and sky, and all the truth of nature and of God, into wealth of soul, he may then count himself rich. Infinity belongs to him. He is of the universe. The universe is his. He cannot be measured with a yardstick. His fortune

is not counted with figures. He has dimensions that outreach space and values more lasting than time.

Alas for the puny and primitive mind that has not entered this realm and does not understand this language! That group of college graduates who call themselves the "Young Intellectuals" seems to belong in this category, judged by the book recently published by one of their number.[1] The tenor of this book would indicate most emphatically what a college does not do for young men. For surely, they have not yet advanced far enough to know that they are essentially pagan. They are still in mental and moral bondage.

The mind that puts appetite for personal liberty, debauchery for independence, lawlessness for freedom, that counts wealth and worth only by material things, that measures intellect by the absence of refinement and moral tone, that sneers at goodness and is too narrow to recognize the moral law, that worships selfishness and sensuality, though making clever pretense of superiority—such a mind is still in racial infancy and moral

[1] *America and the Young Intellectual*, Harold Stearns.

fog. Dwarfs defy God. Small men scoff and scorn. Big men look with open mind. They worship and adore, and thus, expand.

What, then, shall we say concerning this Higher Mind? First, it has moral quality. It recognizes moral obligations. If a man would play his full part as a member of society, he must render an equivalent in kind for the benefits received from society. Money obligations are the smallest debts we owe. Man cannot ignore moral debts. He cannot receive one kind of good and pay for it with another sort of coin. If the benefit is material, the pay must be material; if moral, the pay must be the same.

When a community unites in public improvements, such as water or lighting systems, each individual must give regular currency for what he receives. One cannot obtain such material benefits and then liquidate by offering his moral life and influence. What would be said to the man who would try that method of payment? He would be hooted and scorned. His sanity would be questioned. He would have no place in society. Kind must be paid for in kind.

Clothing and groceries must be paid for with money or its material equivalent. For people who try any other method we have no respect, and usually attach a name that is not very nice. They are "spongers," or "paupers," or "deadbeats."

But moral standards and atmosphere are quite as necessary to a civiiized community as are modern improvements and daily bread. All the people are beneficiaries of these moral conditions. Then, just as a man receiving material values must pay in money, so the one who is the recipient of moral benefits must render to society an equivalent in kind. That is, he must give a moral life and influence. He cannot pay for moral values in money any more than he can pay for money values in morals. Each must do his full share toward creating and maintaining the proper moral life of society, and the only currency that passes in that realm is morals. Otherwise why shall not the man who fails in this regard be counted a moral "pauper," or "deadbeat"?

No man can truthfully say "I pay my way" who merely meets his business obliga-

tions. The man who would undertake to pay his way through life in morals alone would be branded as dishonest, and banished from respectable society. The same should be equally true of the man who would pay in money alone. The day must come when people will be classified as moral paupers in spite of their money. There will be two classes: the negative and the positive, or the unmoral and the immoral.

In the first-mentioned class are those who are not really bad. But, while they profit both morally and materially from the clean and orderly conditions of the community, they contribute nothing from their own lives to make up that religious and moral atmosphere. They do not oppose it. They would not be without it. They absorb, but do not provide. They give money but not morals. They are not positively bad. They are just negatively good. They think they are good because they are not bad. They are not immoral, they are only unmoral. In other words, they are morally bankrupt. They have no currency that will pass as legal tender in the moral realm. They continually draw on the bank but they make no deposits

and are always overdrawn. They have no moral balance. They are in the red. They believe in the church and contribute money for its work, but others must furnish the religious life and spirit necessary for its advancement. There are wealthy people of high standing in every community, enjoying all the advantages of a fine moral climate, and giving no equivalent in return. Some day these people will have correct classification.

In the second group belong those who are positively immoral. They are more than moral paupers. They are eating cancers on the body of society. There are those with millions in money to-day who have violated every moral law, trampled on every principle of decency, indulged in the grossest debaucheries, given the most revolting exhibitions of degeneracy, scattered the deadly germs of moral poison, and forfeited all right to respectability, yet they retain standing in society just because they have money. If they were as derelict in money affairs as they are in morals, they would be cast out. After the most flagrant violations of the

moral code, and the flaunting of their names and escapades in the daily press, and when knowledge of their lecherous lives has become public property, then some "clergyman" will do himself and his church the dishonor of performing a marriage ceremony for those moral lepers, using words that ought to blister his faithless tongue, "Those whom God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." Some good time society will cleanse itself, and will come to both moral and intellectual respectability.

The idea that men shall reap for themselves and their families the moral benefits of society and not contribute an atom of moral worth to society is absolutely repugnant to the normal mind and out of harmony with high thinking. They give themselves over entirely to sensual pleasure. They spend their Sundays in sport and revelry. They are profane and irreverent. Like leeches on the body they sap the life-blood of society, only to satisfy the cravings of a debased appetite and a selfish nature.

Let it be forever understood and remembered that one can never pay for a moral benefit with material things. Men who

claim to be honest must be morally as well as financially honest before they can make good such claim.

Every rational life is under the very greatest moral responsibility. Moral obligation cannot be thrown off or shifted to the shoulders of another. It must be met by the individual. It is not for one set of citizens to furnish the moral values for the community while all the others escape that obligation. It rests upon all and none can go free, unless it be one who is mentally deficient and a public charge. No more can one fail to meet moral responsibility without, in a much greater sense, becoming a public charge.

A prominent banker in one of our American cities was recently asked what he considered the most ominous sign on our horizon to-day. His reply was, "The failure of people to assume their share of moral responsibility." That statement is significant in two particulars. First, it is refreshing to note that a man of his financial activities has such a vision and so keen a perception and appreciation of moral values; and, secondly,

significant is the mistake he makes, and that so many make, in holding the idea that in order to be under moral responsibility, one must first "assume" it. The fact is that men are under that obligation whether they assume it or not.

A man by act of will can neither increase nor decrease his moral responsibility. He cannot take it on, nor throw it off. It is there. It is a part of him. He cannot escape by saying he is not a Christian, is not a church member, and has taken no moral vows. That makes no difference. Moral obligation does not come with membership in the church. It comes with membership in the human family. It comes when men become men and not tadpoles. It is not something man assumes or rejects, according to his whims. It is born with him. If he claims the rights of men, he must meet and measure up to the responsibilities of men. When he refuses to do so he must be classified accordingly. When the king forfeits his crown he can no longer claim his kingdom.

What is the difference, then, between the man who is a church member and the man

who is not? None whatever, so far as moral responsibility is concerned. The obligation rests upon one the same as the other. It is no greater after the man comes into the church than it was before. Take the case of one who owes another a sum of money. He recognizes the debt and gives his note in token of his purpose to pay. Is the debt increased or the obligation to discharge it any greater after the note is signed than before? Not the slightest. Would his refusal to sign the note free him from the obligation?

The difference between the man who is in the church and the one who is out must be that the one has recognized his responsibility and has signed up to meet it, while the other has either repudiated his debt or refused to recognize it and has expressed no intention of meeting it. But always bear in mind that failure or refusal to meet an obligation does not remove the obligation. Moral slackers can claim no place as patriotic citizens.

This mind must also be spiritual. Morality, in the true sense, is based on the spiritual. The moral cannot be maintained without the spiritual any more than light can

be diffused without the sun. The sun is the source. God is the source. There can be no fruit without the vine. To be fleshly minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life.

Washington, in his farewell address, said: "Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness. . . . The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. . . . And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. . . . Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle."

Personal recognition of God and obedience to his higher thought are vital. It is necessary that the human mind be connected with the Divine. Man thus comes into harmonious relation with infinite forces, and as he fixes his "affections on things above" his

life is lifted into the upper levels, his vision is extended, and his world is enlarged. He sees more. Spiritualities become the abiding realities.

The things men see with their eyes and feel with their senses are not the most real and abiding. "The things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen are eternal." Spiritual realities have highest values. Men who climb to those altitudes will not be troubled about the certainties of the unseen. Mysteries will fade away. God will speak to the man who is ready. When the mind is clouded by moral and materialistic fog all skies are black and eternal values are hidden; but when the mind is cleared by spiritual contact and vision the things unseen by other minds readily reveal themselves.

Enoch walked with God. That was high comradeship; but why do we consider it wonderful? If he did that, others can. Would it be strange for a son to walk with his father, and talk with him? That is just what Enoch did. It was his regular habit. He was in tune with Infinity. He kept high company. One cannot expect to hear and

understand the speech of man if he never has human companionship. So, divine association is the necessary preparation for divine communication and spiritual elevation. Enoch was ready.

Abraham heard the call of the Infinite because he was ready. He heard for the reason that he was attentive. He followed, and found that for which he had long hoped, and which his old eyes were eager to see—the City, whose builder and maker was God. Such an event was not strange. It was but natural. His "line" was not "busy." And so God was able to reach him with a message. That stalwart man had pushed his tall form above the clouds and clamoring voices of doubt, and in that clear and undimmed sky held high counsel with the Almighty and walked right up into a bigger world.

When Jacob was ready he too heard from Jehovah. Jacob had some weak spots but he was headed in the right direction. He was connected with the sky and able to catch visions those mortal eyes had not beheld. The preparedness of Moses made easy speech between himself and God. Elijah, large of soul and keen of spiritual under-

standing, received the divine message. Isaiah, from this terrestrial reached to the celestial, gathered messages from out the unseen world, and called a nation to its knees. John on Patmos "was in the Spirit on the Lord's day." In other words, he was ready. No wonder he heard and saw things almost too wonderful for human utterance. He was in touch with the heavens above.

Who knows but God beckoned Columbus to the shores of this new world? Columbus was ready. He was willing. He had an open mind. He could not be turned aside. He heard the voice and felt the pull. The vision and courage were his. He faced impossible difficulties and conquered them. He pushed forward with intrepid step. Fronted with stubborn opposition and grave dangers, but having sublime faith, he went out to a country "whose builder and maker was God." It may be that God was busy for centuries building Columbus into bigness for that very task.

The man who is large enough and has senses keen enough to hear God speak should rejoice in it and be proud of it. The

man too small to see his Father or too dull to catch his speech, after these years of schooling and development, should, rather, hide his face in shame and get busy stretching his mind to the stature of manhood. He ought not to mention his deformity, much less boast of it. For his is certainly a case of arrested development, or else a voluntary surrender of his rights. Are there men who do not believe in spiritual realities, and who have no sense of God? Well, does the chrysalis believe in the butterfly? Ah, poor chrysalis!

Again, this mind is an open camera to all truth. It moves on the high plane of principle. It asks the fundamental question, "What is truth?" That settles everything. It is not moved by prejudice nor swayed by the shifting winds of policy or public opinion. It fears no earthly mandates. It is not tuned to the music made by the jingle of coin. Superior numbers do not frighten it. Very well, then, let us proceed.

What is the truth in science and philosophy? What is the truth in politics and government? What is the truth in theology and

religion? What is the truth about God and the universe? What is the truth? Search for it. Uncover it. Speak it. Write it high that it may light the world. Never fear it. Never fight it. It is your best friend. Be on familiar terms with it. Shake hands when you meet it. Sit down and have a pleasant chat and be in no hurry to get away. It will do you good to loiter around a while where truth is. Learn to recognize it. Travel in the same direction truth is going. You will then be going right. You will have royal company. You will be walking with God, as Enoch did.

Of course most people will proclaim that it is the truth and nothing but the truth that they want. I fear, however, that their minds are not clear and unprejudiced. They are not like the open camera. Some time ago, while calling in a home where lived a single lady of uncertain age, there was delivered to her a package of photographs. She proceeded with anxious haste to inspect them. I was respectfully quiet but attentive with interest. As she looked upon what the camera revealed to her and of her, I saw sure indications of a coming storm. The signs

were unmistakable. It soon broke in thunder peal and lightning flash, as she flung those pictures from her and cried out in disgust: "I will not have those things. They do not look at all like me."

Well, I was curious and entirely nonpartisan. I was also cautious. But I finally got possession of one of those pictures and took a good look at it. Imagine my surprise when I discovered that it was a most perfect likeness of the lady who was so indignant and so outraged at the artist because he had made a mistake and allowed the camera to tell the truth. There it was as natural as life itself—wart, mole, wrinkles, and all.

It was not truth she wanted. It was flattery. And flattery is another name for falsehood. The lady desired to be made to look young and beautiful when she was neither. The artist had failed to let his pencil interfere with the honest work of the camera, and so the bare truth stood out untouched, and she did not like it. It was unwelcome. Many people are the same concerning things that do not suit them. Their minds are biased, and, unlike the camera, will accept

and record only what pleases and flatters them.

The mind that is open to truth knows no fear. It has no prejudices and no favorites. It sees things and tells them as they are. You can rage and storm and threaten and bribe and denounce, but that mind is unmoved. It knows that truth will never die. It is the only thing with lasting values. It is the pearl of greatest price. By no method of magic can you change the truth into falsehood or falsehood into truth.

Yes, people say they want the truth, but do they? Certainly, when it suits them. When it exposes them, no. Truth is the great revealer. It is the X-ray turned on moral conditions. It will expose, expel, and destroy all that is dark, mean, selfish, or false. Closing the eyes will not dispose of it. Denying it will not destroy it.

A prince in India, where people were dying in large numbers, was shown by the aid of the microscope that the water they were using was filled with live germs. As a remedy he promptly took the microscope and dashed it to pieces. But he did not know that you cannot destroy germs by smashing

the instrument that reveals them. No more can you dispose of homely faces or ugly facts by breaking the instrument that reflects them. And you cannot kill the truth by slaying the messenger that brings it.

While some seek flattery instead of truth, others there are who desire a confirmation of their own opinions and beliefs. They want you to agree with their views. They are looking for encouragement in what they have already decided to do. Their purpose is to strengthen some position they have already taken. They are usually the folks who dote on majorities. They do not know that regardless of opinions and numbers, truth is always in the majority.

A man of this class will say to a friend, "Now, look here, I want to ask your opinion," etc. As a matter of fact, he is not seeking an opinion at all, but merely laying a foundation whereby he hopes to get the other man to agree with him. He does not want, nor will he accept anything not in harmony with the decision of his own mind. The purpose of his question is to elicit some comfort and encouragement and possibly

win a recruit to his side of the question. That mind is not looking for light and truth, but is hunting for majorities.

This is the sort of mind referred to in the twelfth chapter of Hebrews, "Let us lay aside every weight and *the sin which doth so easily beset us.* . . ."[1] Perhaps no Scripture is so generally misinterpreted and misapplied. People quote it and then talk about "our besetting sins," just as though each individual had some small habits or sins that might at any time trip him and cause him to stumble.

The fact is, these words have no such application. There was no equivalent English word for the expression which is translated "doth so easily beset us." To modernize it, we would need to say "the well-supported sin," or, "the sin that is so well-stood-around," meaning the sin the people rally around and support and uphold. In other words, the sin the majority are for. They stand around it and defend it and say: "This is right. I am for it." In that way it becomes "popular." Others beholding will say: "The majority seem to favor it. I

[1]Not italic in epistle.

guess there is no harm in it. I will not be against the majority." Ah, how hard it is to be in opposition to popular clamor! But even so, we are to lay aside the sin that is so well supported.

In spite of the fact that the majority will yell at us and try to cry us down, we are to stand for that which is true and right. They will ridicule us and say we are narrow. They will call our attention to the overwhelming numbers that are against us. They are in no wise governed by the truth, but moved wholly by majorities. The world has made progress in science, in philosophy, in invention, in discovery, and in religion because men have been big enough to stand alone. They have courageously disregarded numbers. They have stood unmovable. And many of them have given their lives in sacrifice because they have been firm for that which was true and right.

Falsehood will never be turned into the truth by the shouts of the multitudes. Wrong will still be wrong though all men declare for it. Right will be right, and truth will be truth though they stand alone. You cannot drive the blackness out of evil

by vociferation. Better be in jail with the truth than running at large with a falsehood. Because with the false one will be in fetters wherever he goes, but with the truth eternal freedom will be his in any clime.

I am not talking about mere abstract truth but truth with blood in it—truth with legs under it, truth with brains behind it, truth that lives and breathes and asserts itself. Not truth that is supinely subjective, but truth that is headed somewhere, truth with a program, truth that is organized and militant, truth that walks around in men who are big enough to see the right and courageous enough to do it, truth built into manhood, truth clothed in flesh. "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us." "I am the truth." "Abide in me, and I in you."

This higher mind creates a wholesome and hopeful atmosphere. It breathes out light and life. It does not live in the fog. It emits no gloom. It radiates the light and joy from within. As the mind is, so will be the day. A cloudy mind will make a cloudy day. A clear, clean, hopeful mind that lifts

itself into God's sky will dispel cloud and gloom, and will flood the earth with sunshine. A grumbler and growler will bring darkness to God's brightest day and chill the bounding heart of hope. Such a mind will make midnight out of noonday. It is out of tune with truth and will but work defeat and despair. Nothing is more certain than that a man can make the day bright or dark, glad or sad, by the attitude and condition of his own mind.

I met a man of my acquaintance on the street one day who said to me, "Well, I am going away." "Yes," he continued, "I am going to California. I am not feeling very well, and don't like the people here. I must have a change."

To all this I inquired, "Are you intending to take yourself along?"

"Why, certainly," he replied, "how could I go without taking myself?"

I assured him that he would find about the same climate, the same maladies, and the same kind of people in California that he was trying to get away from here, because he would take them all with him in the condition of his own mind and the atmosphere

of his own soul. After all, it was not so much a question of people and geography as it was a question of himself. A grouchy mind made a wrong people and an unwholesome atmosphere. He was carrying around with him and exhaling from his mind a poisonous breath. It was miasmic. The mind was wrong, and to him that made everything and everybody else wrong. Wherever you go you will find the same kind of atmosphere you carry with you.

Make no mistake at this point. It is not a matter of climatic conditions or kind of people. The man who is right will make the essential climate and the agreeable folks. Livingstone was the same in dark Africa that he was in enlightened England. Abraham Lincoln was the same as rail-splitter that he was as President. Bunyan was the same in Bedford jail that he was in the freedom of streets and homes. No man is in prison whose mind is unfettered. And no man is free whose mind is imprisoned. The higher mind will not be changed by jails or geography, storm or shipwreck, heat or cold, poverty or wealth, sunshine or shadow, but will

itself make dark days bright, turn defeat into victory, and dungeons into thrones.

I very much like the spirit of that old pilgrim, tossed and torn upon the rough seas of life who, when nearing the end, cried out as in an ecstasy of joy, saying:

"Sure, this world is full of trouble;
I ain't said it ain't;
Lord, I've had my share, an' double
Reason for complaint.
Rain and storm have come to fret me,
Skies were often gray;
Thorns and brambles have beset me
On the road—but say,
Ain't it fine to-day!

"What's the use of always weepin',
Makin' trouble last?
What's the use of always keepin'
Thinkin' of the past?
Each must have his tribulation,
Water with his wine;
Life! It ain't no celebration,
Trouble? I've had mine—but
Say! To-day is fine.

"It's to-day that I am livin',
Not a month ago;
Havin', losin', takin', givin',
As time wills it so.

Yesterday a cloud of sorrow
Fell across the way;
It may storm again to-morow;
It may storm—but say!
Ain't it fine to-day?"

Here is a little orphan girl who knew the secret. She was an adopted child and was being sneered and jeered by another girl more fortunate in money but less so in mind and manners. Each expressed herself in the following:

"Said a saucy little girl, who was sneering at another,
In tones that were anything but mild,
'Huh! You ain't got no father; you ain't got no mother;
You ain't nothin' but a poor adopted child.'

" 'I am quite as good as you,' came the answer from the other,
'I was carefully selected from a lot.
While now just look at you! Your father and your mother
Had to keep you if they wanted to or not.' "

She knew how to extract sunshine from the clouds, and how to convert poverty into wealth. She was a millionaire.

No use to move to Florida, or California, or anywhere else, in search of peace and contentment. The Kingdom is within you. You cannot separate yourself from yourself. If you are wrong, therefore, you are always in bad company. The climate of the mind is the determining factor of the life. He who travels upward and is tall enough to reach the higher skies will tap the fires of God at their very fount, and living thus will flood the earth with light. It will take the universe to measure him.

I feel in myself the future life. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and in verse. But I feel I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave, I can say like many others, "I have finished my day's work!" But I cannot say, "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight; it opens on the dawn.—*Victor Hugo.*

CHAPTER VIII

THE ONLY HOPE

The grip of money upon the world to-day is somewhat appalling. One might think there is no longer any conscience where money is involved. The money kings seem to be bigger and more powerful than ever before. Money wealth appears to be the coveted goal of both small and great. Mammon is on the throne with long, sinewy arms reaching everywhere.

Money takes men from high and honorable positions where salaries are ample, and demotes them to places of doubtful honor with discredited sports and scandalized amusement concerns at twice the salary of our Chief Executive. Athletes draw larger salaries than college presidents, and some of them are receiving more than the President of the United States. Profiteers are plentiful. Millionaires have multiplied. Many seem to have their vision dimmed by the false value of money until they have no conception of real values in life.

Is the realm of the mental and the moral of no consequence? Is there anything wrong with our standards when fabulous sums are paid for services rendered in the realm of sports and amusements; when men of marked ability will sell their talents to such ends for the highest bid, and when society offers the highest monetary reward for the things that are the least value in building civilization? Is the great army of noble teachers in our schools and colleges worth anything to society? Is there anything worthy or essential in law, or medicine, or the ministry? Any value in art or literature or scientific discovery? Is brawn above brain and amusement higher than culture?

Are our minds warped? Are they lopsided? Are our souls shriveled? Are we incapable of thinking and seeing straight? Is there nothing of value except what can be converted into monetary wealth or the things which appeal to the lower sensibilities? After the fearful holocaust that followed the volcanic eruption of 1914, just what sort of a world confronts us?

We face a world that is torn and bleeding.

A world that is shell-shocked and staggering. Worn down to exhaustion and almost bankrupt from war will the nations still fight? Well, the recent war is not the only one known to history. The world is bathed in tears. We have marched to the music of sighing and crying. We have come up through the centuries drenched with tears and baptized with blood. We have boasted our wonderful progress, but while we point to the field of marvelous achievement on the one hand, we must point to the field of dreadful carnage on the other. We have been accustomed to believe that our progress has been so swift as to leave ignorance and superstition far behind. We have even dared to talk like we were in the daydawn of universal peace, when nations should learn war no more, and when swords should be beaten into plowshares and spears into pruning hooks.

But we awake to find that it was only the old and worthless weapons that were converted into implements of peace and utility, while we proceeded to make longer spears and newer and sharper swords. We now have the submarine, the eighty-mile Big

Bertha, the airship, and the poison gas. We have been passing from war to war. From the war that characterizes one stage of civilization we have gone on to the war that characterizes another stage of civilization. We have changed weapons, but the war continues. And the world still weeps.

The tragedy of it is that we have not yet reached the limit in our deadly inventions. *Commerce and Finance* recently contained the following significant paragraph: "When half a dozen airplanes and a few bombs can make of a great city a charnel house; when, as we are now told, there are already perfected compounds of such malign potency that a single bottle uncorked in a room the size of the Senate Chamber would destroy everyone in the room we wonder what protection society will devise against this kind of attack."

As we have passed from what might be called the coarser methods of carnal warfare, into those of a more highly cultivated age, we have also become quite proficient in other fields of conflict. We have commercial wars. When, in the great battle for the commercial

supremacy of the seas, the giant iceberg cuts the throat of the mighty Titanic and sixteen hundred lives go down in a night, the whole world cries out in horror and hastens to give sympathy and help. But such a calamity as here mentioned may occur only once or twice in a lifetime, while the gory army of commercial greed with its various battalions and detachments marches steadily on, crushing its smaller competitors and slaying its thousands—and we scarcely bat an eye. Again we have changed weapons, but the war goes on.

Then there are the political wars where foe meets foe in deadly combat. In that field of warfare men, in order to accomplish their ends, take the sharpest weapons of trickery and deceit and stab their opponents to political, financial, and moral death. The spirit is that of primitive warfare, but the method is that of modern man.

There are industrial wars. And here again the opposing forces gather their companies and regiments and their most deadly weapons and do each other to some sort of death. Labor fights labor, and labor fights capital. Capital fights labor, and also fights

other capital. The strike is another name for war. The boycott is another name for war. The modern methods are just as deadly, even if more humane than the ancient.

There are social and racial wars. "The Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans." And, in the larger meaning, the "Samaritans" are still with us. In the social world one class will have no dealings with the other class. A wall of separation is built up of money, or education, or an empty title, or a place of birth, or of ancestry. All these are very empty, shoddy, and without value. The Jews boasted that Abraham was their father, and therefore they were of noble ancestry. Jesus told them their claim and their character were shallow and worthless, for the only thing that would entitle them to any high and royal relationship was behavior. And of that they could not boast. A man's only right to royal blood is royal character. It is not what a man's father was, but what he himself is that counts. There is a spiritual relationship that transcends the physical.

Where shall a remedy be found? Is there any cure for war and the rest of the world's ills? Is there any hope?

Will education do it? Education will not do it. Education does not reach the root of the trouble. Germany was very highly educated. Greece was finely educated. The United States and Great Britain are rich in men of learning.

Will environment do it? Good environment is a fine thing, but it will not bring the desired results. That theory broke down in the garden of Eden.

Will socialism do it? Socialism will not do it. That theory deals with the outward and not the inward man. It deals with the physical instead of the spiritual; with results rather than causes.

Will any system of politics or economics solve our problems? Never! What will? The solution must be found in the realm of the spiritual. It is at hand if men will apply it. "I will put a new spirit within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of their flesh, and will give them a heart of flesh." "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ."

Frank A. Vanderlip, the famous financier, said recently: "A year ago I came to Europe and made a diagnosis of the economic situation. This year I came back to Europe to try to write an economic prescription. I am becoming more and more of the opinion that the only solution of the present world difficulties is a spiritual solution."

Mr. H. G. Wells, one of the most noted modern writers, paints a very dark picture of our present world condition. He says, "The ship of civilization is not going to sink in five years' time, or in fifty years' time. *It is sinking now.*"[1]

A prominent business man who is not a religionist says: "The most startling fact in the world to-day is this: the human race has made a gigantic material advance, but it has not made a corresponding moral advance. Whether all this material progress is going to be used for good or for evil depends on what we are morally."[1]

Thus men are coming more and more to see the absolute necessity of morals. But are they awakening to what is vastly more important—*that morality depends upon*

[1] American Magazine, April, 1922.

spiritual anchorage? The old ship need not sink. It will not if we are right morally; and we can be right morally if we make the right spiritual connections.

Quinet, the French writer, says, "Unfortunately, the revolution in France failed because the political revolution was not preceded by a religious one." An English writer, taking up the same thought, says, "Fortunately for England, the political agitation which gave them their larger liberties was preceded by a religious revival." And he gives the credit to Wesley and Whitefield. He says, "Wesley turned the river of life into our streets and highways; he caused it to flow like a crystal Niagara into the dead sea of our national corruption and the wilderness became a fruitful field."

Why did England become a nation of strength and power? Because, notwithstanding the fact that you can point out some blemishes, she did build on the right foundation.

Why did France become a decadent nation? Because she catered to the flesh and ignored the spirit. She digged God from the

foundations of her national life. France closed the churches, burned the Bibles, wrote above the doors of her places of worship, "There is no God," and placed over her cemetery gates, "Death is an eternal sleep." Is it any wonder France toppled?

What happened in Germany? A thing just as fatal. That nation departed from the spiritual standards and evangelism of Martin Luther, abandoned the God of peace and righteousness, and adopted the materialistic philosophy of Nietzsche and the ideals of Goethe. Therein you have the religion of force, and the life of deceit. Germany substituted the superman for God, and materialism for spirituality. Disaster was certain.

War between those two nations was inevitable. Both had planted and nurtured the seeds that foster it. What a sad tragedy! How slow men are to learn their simple primers. "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid which is Jesus Christ." "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." These are not feeble and pious vaporings. They are absolute certainties.

When the World War started and na-

tions began flying at each others' throats, the cry was flung out, "Has Christianity failed?" No! Christianity had not failed. It had not broken down. There had been nothing to break it down. It had never been overloaded. Rather, it had been neglected, if not ignored. Stiff-necked men had gone their several ways, heedless of its spirit and precepts. They refused its power and teachings. It was not the fault of the life-line the man was drowned, but because he failed to lay hold of it. Christianity cannot help much when it is not applied.

The war did not show Christianity to be a failure, but it did prove the perversity of human nature, and the futility of every substitute for God. "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." When will we ever learn that there can be no lasting peace, either personal or national, until we believe and build on God! With what emphasis we should now dwell upon the spiritual! Would that some Wesley might arise at this time and turn again the waters of life, and cause them to flow like a crystal river into the dead sea of our national and individual unbelief and corrup-

tion, that the wilderness of war, of hate, of selfishness, of vice and crime, of injustice and jealousy, of greed, avarice, and fleshly lusts may become fruitful fields of righteousness, and joy, and peace!

Who built the house? God built it. Then it will stand. Who built the treaty? God built it. Then it will stand. Who built the peace pact? God built it. Then it will last. God first. The Kingdom first. Righteousness first. Let men not forget. Who built the house? Who built the life? Who built the nation? Who built the peace treaty? Was it God? No, men did it. Then it will fail. Yes, God built it. Then it will stand, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

The moral and spiritual will conquer. Great progress has already been made. The physical king has lost cast and is well-nigh dethroned. The war-king is shaking with chills and will soon be banished. The political king has been shorn of power, and must soon pass into exile to return no more. The money-king cannot long retain his throne in a world with a developing conscience. He

must give way to the higher order. No king can endure the light. None can withstand the onward sweep of a more perfect mind and manhood. They must all go. And in the realm of the mental and spiritual every man will be a king, and his kingdom shall stand forever and ever, because it is established on the Rock of Ages, which is the world's only hope.

He is not worthy of the honey-comb that shuns the hive because the bees have stings.—*Shakespeare.*

CHAPTER IX

QUALITY AND QUANTITY

Henry Drummond has said, "Man is all for quantity, while God is all for quality." With man it is how many. With God it is what kind. We put man against man, regiment against regiment, army against army. But with God it takes only one to chase a thousand, and two to put ten thousand to flight. A great general one time cynically remarked that God was always on the side of the heaviest battalions. Some folks repeat that foolish remark to-day, and then giggle. But it is not true.

It was not true when a handful of sturdy Greeks on the fields of Marathon beat back the Persian hordes and saved the West from the palsy of Eastern civilization. It was not true when the gallant Charles Martel withstood the fierce attacks of the bloody Saracens, put them to rout and saved the cross and its holy influences to Western civilization. God was not on the side of the heaviest

battalions on that eventful morning when the mighty Spanish Armada went to hopeless wreckage in the very hour that it threatened England with sure destruction. Nor was he when the mad rush of the Huns was stopped and turned back by the thin lines of the French at the battle of the Marne, when the world was holding its breath lest Paris and all France be overrun and civilization set back for a thousand years.

Some day the world will learn that mere numbers do not count with God. He does not use our arithmetic. With us one and one always make two. But with God one and one make ten thousand if they are the right kind. He does not measure men as we do, nor count values in terms of our language. That which we call gold he may count but glittering tinsel. To-day we value a man for what he possesses. To-morrow we will value a man for what he is. That is God's way. He measures by soul values. It is always quality with him. In God's universe that alone constitutes wealth.

It is said that Robert E. Lee, at the close of the Civil War, was offered ten thousand

dollars a year—a fabulous sum in those days —just for the use of his name as president of the Louisiana Lottery Company. General Lee replied, saying: "The war has shattered my fortunes, taken all my property, and I have nothing left from the wreckage but my good name and my principles, and they are not for sale. I cannot accept your offer."

At the Democratic National Convention in San Francisco in July, 1920, William Jennings Bryan poured out his very heart blood in a most earnest and dramatic plea for a dry plank in the party platform. His earnest appeals were met with stubborn and even brutal resistance. His defeat was overwhelming. He was completely routed. The liquor forces scored a decisive victory. They were too many for Mr. Bryan. But look! The battle is not yet over. They were counting by man's arithmetic. Mr. Bryan is not defeated. His spirit, though cast down for a time, is still triumphant. The next morning, weary from exertion and disappointed over the immediate outcome of the contest, he was addressing a group of people who had gathered at his hotel to pay him honor. Referring to the incident of the previous day

and the overwhelming numbers that were against him, Mr. Bryan quoted the Scripture which says, "Two shall put ten thousand to flight." He then added, significantly, "I am now looking for that second man." You cannot find forces great enough to overcome a soul like that. Moral strength fed from the spiritual springs of God is unconquerable.

Numbers cannot destroy truth, nor defeat the man who is right. Victory may be postponed for a time, but in the end good must prevail. The one who will yield to discouragement, surrender to opposition, run from superior forces, or give up to the impossible, has not the conquering mind. He lacks quality. No right man is ever defeated until he himself acknowledged defeat.

> "Fight on, my soul, till death
> Shall bring thee to thy God."

Such men will be the makers of worlds and the builders of destinies. They will be men of vision, men who will see the invisible and make possible the impossible. Men who will go with the multitude when the multitude is right, but who will walk alone rather than

go wrong. Men whom darkness will not discourage nor failure dishearten. They will follow the gleam, for they are seeking truth and not treasure; God, instead of gold.

Roger Babson, in his late book,[1] says, "Just before I went to Brazil I was guest of the President of the Argentine Republic. After lunching one day we sat in his sun parlor looking out over the river. He said, 'Mr. Babson, I have been wondering why it is that South America, with all its great natural advantages, is so far behind North America.' Then he went on to tell how the forests of South America had two hundred and eighty-six trees that can be found in no book of botany. He told about the ranches that had thousands of acres of alfalfa in one block. He mentioned the mines of iron, coal, copper, silver, gold; all those great rivers and water-powers that rival Niagara. 'Why is it, with all these natural resources, South America is so far behind North America?' Well, those of you who have been there know the reason, but being a guest, I said,

[1] From *Fundamentals of Prosperity*, by Roger W. Babson, Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

'Mr. President, what do you think is the reason?' He replied, 'I have come to this conclusion: South America was settled by the Spanish, who came here in search of gold. But North America was settled by the Pilgrim Fathers, who went there in search of God.' "

Men with right quality of mind will not be deceived by doubtful values. They will not be blinded by materialistic fog. They will look beyond the borders of unborn time and behold the beauties of the flowers that bloom, but which withhold their beauty from sordid eyes. Supported by the strength of faith and hope, they go forward with increasing courage. Courage conquers. And faith will fathom the deepest seas, and, joined with hope, will dare the darkest night and mount the morning with unwearied wings and unfurl the flag of victory above the parapets of defeat.

The world has pushed these men back. The world made up of little souls has doubted and denied. It has scoffed and scorned. Thus the paths of progress have been barred. They have been battle grounds. Brain and heart have met brawn

and doubt. Flesh and spirit, greed and love have grappled in death struggle. Feeble men have tried to blow out the light and leave the world in darkness.

I have heard the eloquent Mr. Ingersoll, most brilliant apostle of agnosticism. I have heard him as he abused my mother's Christ and ridiculed the religion that comforted her in sorrow and guided her fine spirit through life's darkest nights and brought her with joy and safety into the mornings that were radiant with hope. I saw his ruthless hand smash down the building faith had erected as a safe refuge for a helpless race, and leave mankind exposed to the biting storms of doubt and unbelief. I saw him with his fine oratorical fingers pluck the petals from the flower of hope, drop them one by one before the gasping gaze of bewildered men, and in answer to their speechless cry, give to them the thorny stem of despair. I saw him with the chemistry of his skillful eloquence extract the fragrance from the flower of faith and substitute therefor the offensive odors from the black weeds of skepticism. I saw him rudely dash the

sparkling water of life from the hands of thirsty men, and leave them to famish in the blistering desert of doubt. I saw him in his mad endeavor to poison the sweet waters of life that flow like a crystal river to touch all shores, and fill the earth with fruit and fragrance, the which, had he accomplished, would have left the world a wilderness and mankind an orphan.

But faith is undaunted. Courage is undefeated. Hope is still undimmed. Men of giant growth and iron fiber, with purposes forged in hottest fires and with resolution wrought in steel and tempered in blood, have gone on unswerving. They have not stopped. They have not faltered, for they have been led of truth; and ever have they heard that voice calling from the unexplored and unseen vasts, and they have answered and have held their course with intrepid step. For they have been fighting, not to perpetuate empires, nor to wear crowns, nor to sit on thrones, nor to gather gold, but to reach and reveal the truth, its north pole and its south pole, its depths, its heights, its uttermost limits. They have explored the universe to find out Infinity. With truth and

God as the high objectives, they have gone forward.

Wherefore they have braved the rigors of all climes and have flung themselves unflinching into the gnashing teeth of fiercest opposition. No sea too wide, no waters too deep, no mountain too high, no sky too uplifted, no world too far away, no distance too vast, no task too mighty, no problem too intricate, no winter too cold, no summer too hot, no exposure and no privation too great, no danger too appalling, nothing, nothing, to baffle the bravery or halt the march of these men of faith.

Such men have been the architects of all progress. They have been the pathfinders. Men have been the miracle workers. Mind has mastered matter. Man has conquered the earth and it is plastic in his magic hand. He has conquered the sea and rides in triumph on its placid or turbulent waters. He now conquers the sky, and rising on white wings of power, adds to his other victories the highways of the air.

Conquests have been achieved because some men have believed while others have doubted. They have dared when others de-

nied. They have climbed where others would not waste a look. They have attained when others would not try. Conquering all doubts, they have leaped and have reached the goal, knowing full well that doubt and death alone can keep the faithful seeker from his chosen quest. The universe will yield its secrets to the insistent mind.

And so, the heritage of faith has enriched the world. And men of faith, with mind illumined by the light of the Infinite, citizens of the universe, have made the universe ours, and they beckon us to qualify for the larger citizenship.

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